

CROQUET—THE GREAT UNSKILFUL.

Miss! miss! miss!!!
Leaving never a stroke for me;
And but for politeness I'd utter
The contempt I have for thee.
Oh, well for your nose over there,
That she has my uncle to play,
Oh, well for the sake of us both,
That I'm a good bat at croquet.

And the other players go on:
To the stake, while your ball stands still;
Don't ask me "which arch are you for?"—
Play where you will.

Miss! miss! miss!!!
Oh, you muggins from over the sea;
But the tender grace of a cool croquet,
Will never be won by thee.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

BY BARRY GRAY.

A few Sundays ago, towards the close of what had been a showery day, just as the clouds broke away and the late afternoon sun shone forth upon the soaked earth and the towers, gilded with drops of rain, my friend J. B. H. drove up to my door, saying that he had come to see me to go with him to visit the grave of Rodman Drake.

It was a spot I had long desired to see, and, therefore, I gladly accepted my friend's invitation to accompany him. A drive of three or four miles brought us to the village of Lancaster county, passing through the village of West Farms, through which the Lancaster and Lehigh Canal runs, to the town of Lancaster.

Over the spot where sleeps Rodman Drake a road goes, and upon his grave the will's desire makes a resting-place. There in that quiet, solitary place, within sound of the murmuring wayside brook, comes private rights and propriety to every description required by law to be derived and to arise from the same and a like right and obligation, and every person or persons here said points on said section to three and one-half miles with all buildings standing thereon or procured by the same.

The solid rock shall sink beneath
The iron hand of time,
But virtue dwells with
Immortality."

Probably one of the oldest stones in the yard marks the spot where the body of Christopher Drake, who died at Hunt's Point, a piece of land stretching out into the East river being the southeastern extremity of the Great Planting Neck, called by the Indians Qua-a-hug. For nearly two hundred years this land was the property of the Hunt family, and in their burial place, which is located at the entrance of the Point, the remains of the poet, the youthful friend of Hale, now repose. It is a strange spot to let out a burial ground, bounded by a stone wall, with the water of marshy flats, with the waters of the Sound, or rather the entrance to it, coming up to within a short distance of its boundaries. The afternoon on which I visited it was cool and breezy, and the bay was covered with white caps, while the wind sung mournfully through the trees in the burial ground.

A stone wall, built close to the road, protects the burial place from invading feet, and through a narrow gate, rusted and unfastened, an entrance is obtained. Years have seemingly gone by since the hands of affection have tended the grave which are here to be found. Weeds and briars grow wild, and old ivy and lilacs, planted long ago, still bloom on the desolate graves, mingling their perfume with the salt sea breeze which wafts above them.

A low monument of black marble, obtained from quarries in Westchester county, bears simply a square block, surmounted by a quinangular pyramid, set above the grave whereto the remains of Joseph Rodman Drake have lain for more than forty-five years. The only inscription on it is on one side, and reads thus:

To the memory of
JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, M. D.,
who died September 21,
1820,

aged 29 years.

None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise.

These lines, slightly varied from those which now appear in the elegiac verses by Fitz-Greene Haleck, as found in his v. June of poems, were written to commemorate the death of his friend, who was associated with him in his earlier poetical labors. No more tender and pathetic lines on the death of a companion have ever been written than these, commencing with:

"True to the turf above thee,"

"Friend of my better days,"

but which are, doubtless, so familiar to all readers of the Home Journal as to make it unnecessary for me to quote them entire.

Draze was born in the city of New York, August 7, 1795. He studied medicine under Dr. Nicholas Rosseyn, and obtained his degree in 1816. In October of the same year he married a daughter of Henry Eckford, Esq. He shortly afterwards, accompanied his wife, visited Europe. In 1819, for the benefit of his health, which was failing, he visited New Orleans, but returned to New York in the spring, unrestored, and, indeed, far gone with consumption, and died the following autumn!

In person, Drake was well formed and attractive, having a thin head and a changeable blue eye—his hair was grown back under extreme heat. His voice was strong and full, and peculiarly musical in its intonations. In disposition he was kind and genial, especially among his intimate acquaintances, though shy and retiring with strangers. He was exceedingly free from vanity and affectation, nor sought popular applause.

His genius was apparent at a very early age, his first rhymes being a conundrum, composed when he was scarcely five years old. When not over seven he had gained much literary knowledge, and before he was fourteen, he had written several poems of merit. Among those which have been published are "The Young Bird," and a portion of a poem, entitled "The Past and the Present," to be found in the concluding passage of "Leon," in the volume published in 1836, by his daughter, the wife of Commodo De Kay.

"The Croakers," originally published in the New York Evening Post, in 1819, was commenced by Drake; but, after the first tour had appeared, Haleck was admitted to a copartnership, and the future ones were written over the signature of "Croakers & Co." These series of croaks—written every forty or fifty numbers, chiefly of a local character, but touching with wit, pathos, and sarcasm.

Drake's longest and best poem—the one which is the most imaginative and the tallest in its epithet of sechery—is the "Collier Fair," which was written in the summer of 1819, to illustrate the capability of the adaptation of our native localities to the uses of poetry and romance. Cooper and Haleck, denoting their adaptability and Drake maintaining the opposite view. The poem was written in three days, and displays exquisite fancy and delicacy of invention.

His most popular poem is the "American Song," according to the popular schoolboys. The poem, however, was written by Haleck, in place of the following, by Drake:

"And fixed a longer orb divine,

That saw thy banners o'er unfurled,

Shall thy proud stars responden shore,

The guard and glory of the world."

There is certainly more wit, and to put it mildly, more buncome, in the closing lines as now stand:

"Forever flor' st at standard sheet!

Where breathes the tor but falls before us?

With freedom's soul, when o'er us,

And freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

This reference to Haleck's muse reminds me that I have often thought that the last three lines in Drake's verse, addressed to the Bronx river, within sight almost of which stream his monument is erected, were also from the pen of his friend and compeer, Haleck. At all events, they are exceedingly suggestive of Haleck's use, as any one at all acquainted with her, reading them, must confess:

"Thy waves are old companions, I shall see

Well remembered form in each old tree
And hear a voice long given in the wild mistreys."

In fact, these lines are the wild essence of Haleck's poem entitled "Twilight."

Many of Drake's poems were impromptus, which, after being put upon paper, were given to the friends who chanced to be present when they were written, and who expressed a desire to possess them. For this reason some of his best successful pieces which were the adoration of the family circle, have been lost to the world.

The more than friendly relations, the brotherly regard, indeed, which existed between Haleck and Drake, is one of the mostarming epistles in the history of American poets. It has, or rather it promised to be a story of Beaumont and Fletcher over I Set fire to them.

To DRAIN LANDS.—Drink whisky, and spend all your time at the village tavern. This will drain you of all y'ur lands in a short time.

To MAKE STONE FENCE.—Equal parts of whisky and cider. This is the reciprocal stone fence: the more you lay of it the more it will lay you.

To DRAW SAW-LOGS.—Draw them on a piece of paper with a crayon pencil. After a little practice you will be able to "draw" the largest kind of saw-logs with ease.

PORK.—Packing thread is of no use in packing pork. In curing hams the varies. Hams that have got trichina can't be cured at all.—Cincinnati Times.

To MAKE STONE FENCE.—Equal parts of whisky and cider. This is the reciprocal stone fence: the more you lay of it the more it will lay you.

To DRAIN LANDS.—Drink whisky, and spend all your time at the village tavern. This will drain you of all y'ur lands in a short time.

To MAKE YOUR STABLES WARM IN WINTER.—We will send the ALARMIST to any part of the country on receipt of price, and 25 cents extra postage. County agents wanted.

ALFRED JENKS & SON.

begin.

For death, however, of Drake put an end to all this, otherwise we might, possibly have had a noble conning of American poets. It was always a secret to Haleck, who wrote his best poems in the early days of his manhood, would have written more than he has done—he could not have written better—but his friend Drake had not died. While I regard Haleck as a greater poet than Drake could ever have been, still I believe that the latter possessed an influence over the former, by which he would have impelled and encouraged him to do much which he has other wise remained to achieve. Haleck, who has passed his threescore years and ten, never speaks of his early life in so much depth of feeling and affection, although nearly half a century has passed since he wrote the touching lines on his death.

The burial place in which the remains of Drake are interred is a small plot of ground, containing 20, perhaps, about city graves, most of which are those of the Hunt family. There are about 2000 graves on some of the moss-grown headstones, and several of the inscriptions are worthy of note.

The following is copied from a monument which rises near that of Drake's:—"In memory of Thomas Hunt, who departed this life July 4, 1808, in the ninth year of his age. He possessed the cardinal virtues in an eminent degree: he was temperate, brave, patient, and just:

"The solid rock shall sink beneath
The iron hand of time,
But virtue dwells with
Immortality."

The author of the following is copied from the Friends' Circular, at or near your Station in Blair county to the point of connection with the line of the York and Clearfield Railroad, constructed by the York and Lancaster Railroad Company. The line of the York and Lancaster Railroad extends from the York and Lancaster Railroad to the York and Lancaster Railroad, and is about three miles and one quarter from the Pennsylvania Rail road at "Yard" station, the same is now owned by the York and Lancaster Railroad Company.

"A solid rock shall sink beneath
From ev'n unused o' weep,
And one who's e'er try'n to
Will tears the cold turf steep."

—N. Y. Home Journal.

FACETIAE.

Boucicault at a Rehearsal.

Francisca Sarcey tells this little story of Boucicault at the rehearsals of *Jean la Poste (Arab-na-Poche)*, in Paris:

"Well, we be cu'en; there's no denying it; we are. It is better to die than to live with a goat grass. I hope we shan't do so much now that the English have nothing at all about the stage, that for fifty years past, they have existed on ours, unmercifully appropriating our pictures, after taking out the masks, And of this same *Boucicault*, so famous beyond the Channel, what has not been said here? He has been sixty treated as a thief, he has rifled Birsbeck, and turned out the poackets of Denney.

He was born with a drama of his own flesh, and he died with a slight one of hotness. It does not suffice him; it's something to be received at it. It is a pleasure to him to be offered as the representative of his principal character, Charles Lemaire, who is going to be taunted by-and-by. He accepts Charles Lemaire, without waiting for the advent of his talent.

"In other respects he was kindly treated. Every one gives him advice down to the prompter, do to the machinist (carpenters). There is a feeling of pity for the poor fellow coming home to France, the native land of Birsbeck, to be taunted by-and-by. I say, a future, a bright, three-quarters of an hour, poised into the heats and marrow of his action, when he submissively complains, when hat in hand he ventures to call attention to the fact that the master in hand is an Irish wedding taking place among simple farmers, and that a mere Ig would amply suffice, the reply is that he doesn't know the taste of the French, and that his morality (*bourgeoisie*) wants spicing up.

Boucicault beats his head at the expression. Yonder he is master, he has three or four thousand orders; he commands a high reputation, from incontestable knowledge of the theatre, from ten years of success, and a fortune of four or five millions (francs). But here he knows it will be out of condescension if he gets but a part of water from the fireman on duty.

"Always polite, humble, and mild, but tenacious. He wanted his leg; he's got it. He did not want Charles Lemaire, and Charles Lemaire is removed. It was a little harder with the machinists. When he gave them certain directions, these gentlemen would smile with a satisfied smile.

"We think we are not up to our business here in France," said they.

"Well, my friend, to work," replied Mr. Boucicault, not at all angry.

"And he waited, and the stage effect (true) didn't seem to get on, and then Mr. Boucicault resumed the conversation, end-avred to explain his idea. But at the first words:

"Very good! I understand, don't say another word; do you think we Frenchmen need so many words?"

"And away ran the machinists. But the stage effects get on none the better, and the English with imperturbable *jeune* face, the head machinist by the hand led him down below.

"Be good enough to have that weight moved back—that's right—now bring this rack and pinion forward—very good—and now go ahead."

"And away slipt along in its groove. Thus *Dion Boucicault* is all at once actor, scenic painter, and machinist. He came out of a school which bears some resemblance to our Polytechnic School, and he has retained from his early calling a knowledge of machinery and its mode of working. He joins to this his inventive faculty and an inimitability of resource which are not to be acquired at any school."

Hints to Farmers—By "Gris."—FENCING AND FENCING.—Good fencing is essential on a farm, and a good fencing-master is necessary. A 40-cent fence is better than an imaginary one. You can't repair a worn fence by taking vermin. Neither can a good whitewash brush be of much use.

"The BEST TIME TO PUT IN RYE—I asked an old farmer once what was the best time to put in rye? He looked at his watch and replied:—

"This is about my hour."

The best time was immediately put in. All scenes are the same for putting in rye.

How to Hold the Plough.—Don't try to hold it out at arm's length. You can't do it.

If you haven't a plough of your own, get out an attachment on your neighbor's, who owes you. Any Justice will tell you whether you can hold it out.

What Hoes to Use.—In planting or hoeing corn, use the ordinary hoes in general use. Neither India rubber hoes nor cotton hoes would be of any account in a corn-field; no more would one of Hoe's eight-cylinder presses.

How to KEEP CORN.—The best place to keep corn is in a good corn house, though some prefer to keep it in the system—in the juice. If they do, it will keep corn well.

EASY WAY TO DRAW SAW-LOGS.—Draw them on a piece of paper with a crayon pencil. After a little practice you will be able to "draw" the largest kind of saw-logs with ease.

PORK.—Packing thread is of no use in packing pork. In curing hams the varies. Hams that have got trichina can't be cured at all.—Cincinnati Times.

To MAKE STONE FENCE.—Equal parts of whisky and cider. This is the reciprocal stone fence: the more you lay of it the more it will lay you.

To DRAIN LANDS.—Drink whisky, and spend all your time at the village tavern. This will drain you of all y'ur lands in a short time.

To MAKE YOUR STABLES WARM IN WINTER.—We will send the ALARMIST to any part of the country on receipt of price, and 25 cents extra postage. County agents wanted.

ALFRED JENKS & SON.

AUCTION SALES.

NO TICE. E.

I, JOHN EDGAR THOMSON, Trustee in a certain interest of mortage of the property herein described executed by the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad Company, to me as mortgagor in trust to secure the payment of the principal sum of \$35,000 which mortgage is dated the 1st day of November, A. D. 1859, and recorded in the office of recording deeds, etc., in and for the county of Blair, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1859, in mortgage book "B" page 97, lots 109, 110, 111, and 112, in the 18th year of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

I, JOHN EDGAR THOMSON, Trustee in a certain interest of mortage of the property herein described executed by the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad Company, to me as mortgagor in trust to secure the payment of the principal sum of \$35,000 which mortgage is dated the 1st day of November, A. D. 1859, and recorded in the office of recording deeds, etc., in and for the county of Blair, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1859, in mortgage book "B" page 97, lots 109, 110, 111, and 112, in the 18th year of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

I, JOHN EDGAR THOMSON, Trustee in a certain interest of mortage of the property herein described executed by the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad Company, to me as mortgagor in trust to secure the payment of the principal sum of \$35,000 which mortgage is dated the 1st day of November, A. D. 1859, and recorded in the office of recording deeds, etc., in and for the county of Blair, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1859, in mortgage book "B" page 97, lots 109, 110, 111, and 112, in the 18th year of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

I, JOHN EDGAR THOMSON, Trustee in a certain interest of mortage of the property herein described executed by the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad Company, to me as mortgagor in trust to secure the payment of the principal sum of \$35,000 which mortgage is dated the 1st day of November, A. D. 1859, and recorded in the office of recording deeds, etc., in and for the county of Blair, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1859, in mortgage book "B" page 97, lots 109, 110, 111, and 112, in the 18th year of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

I, JOHN EDGAR THOMSON, Trustee in a certain interest of mortage of the property herein described executed by the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad Company, to me as mortgagor in trust to secure the payment of the principal sum of \$35,000 which mortgage is dated the 1st